SONGS, &c.

IN

The Strangers at Home;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

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Strangers at Home:

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COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

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(Price SIX-PENCE.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Aldobrand -	Mr. KING.
Regnalto - -	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Octavio - -	Mr. DIGNUM.
Montano - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Fabio - -	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Firelock -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Laurence - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Roberto - -	Mr. JONES.

WOMEN.

Viola - - -	Mrs. CROUCH.
Laura - - -	Miss FIELD.
Alice - - -	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.
Rosa - - -	Mrs. JORDAN.

SCENE, FLORENCE.

☞ The Lines marked with " inverted Commas" are omitted in the Representation.

ACT

ACT I.

Chorus of CAPTIVES *redeemed from Slavery.*

WELCOME once more our native land!
Where smiling Freedom's bounteous hand
Life's fading picture bids to glow,
With tints she can alone bestow:
'Tis Liberty inspires the lay,
To hail our second natal day.
Hail, Goddess bright! by all ador'd,
By thee to more than life restor'd.

CATCH.

COME, come drink away boys! let our glasses keep time
To the tune of the bells, that so merrily chime!
Ding, dong; ding, dong, bell,—that so merrily chime!
From Slavery freed, we'll forget all our pains,
At the Tyrant we'll laugh while he rattles his chains;
We'll laugh at his chains.
Thus, music and drinking all sorrow shall drown;
Then, my boys! let us take off our glasses:
Huzza! huzza! ev'ry bumper shall crown.

AIR. FIRELOCK.

I.

" IN vain whining lovers their Cupid ſhall prize,
" And boaſt that his Godſhip's deriv'd from the ſkies;
" Tho' divine was the birth of the young God of Love,
" Our Bacchus, we know, was the ſon of great Jove;
" Let us number Love's vot'ries, I think we can prove,
" That tho' all the world drink, 'tis not all the world love."

II.

When malicious young Cupid o'erwhelms us with grief,
In the comforts of Bacchus we find ſure relief;
Tho' Chloe diſdainful deny you her charms,
When glowing with rapture you ruſh to her arms,
Pay your court to a bumper, and there you will find
A gay ſmiling miſtreſs eternally kind.

III.

Nay, when chilling age like bleak winter comes on,
And the ſunſhine of beauty and love ſhall be gone,
Still conſtant your bumper will ſmile to the end,
And ſupply both the places of miſtreſs and friend.
Let us number Love's vot'ries, I think we can prove,
That tho' all the world drink, 'tis not all the world love.

AIR.

AIR. VIOLA.

IF you teach me, dear Sir, the art of deceiving,
I'm ſure you will not take it ill,
That whilſt with attention your leſſons receiving,
On yourſelf I ſhould practice my ſkill;
And when of your own wit the dupe I have made you,
All doubts of your art 'twill remove;
For you can't but eſteem it a compliment paid you,
To ſhew you how much I improve.

So doating parents oft have ſmil'd
At miſchief from a fav'rite child;
And view'd with fond exulting joy
The growing genius of the boy,
Who gives poor Hodge's aukward bow,
And ſhews you how he goes to plough;
Hits off the Vicar's vacant ſtare,
Wry faces makes behind his chair;
" And while he mocks the Parſon's quaffing,
" The good folks almoſt die of laughing.

" Soon panting for ſatiric fame
" Our little maſter ſeeks new game;
" And tir'd of laughing at the gueſt,
" On hoſt and hoſteſs breaks his jeſt;
" His father's gouty ſteps takes off,
" His purblind eyes, and winter's cough;

Nor

" Nor can Mama's pert ſmiling leer
" Eſcape the wicked urchin's ſneer;
" And giggling ſervants raptur'd ſit,
" Well pleas'd to ſee the little wit."
Thus ape the ſimpers of Mama,
And cough and hobble like Papa.

AIR. Arne.

I.

A fig for all your whining ſtuff,
Fine ſpeeches, ſweet as honey;
Of Love you can't give proof enough,
Except you give your money.
Were I your Miſtreſs, faith and troth
Your av'rice ſoon would loſe me;
For compliments are but mere froth,
You muſt good Sir, excuſe me.

II.

Of all the arrows Love can boaſt,
The golden ones are beſt, Sir;
And he who boldly bids the moſt
Can never be in jeſt, Sir.
'Tis true that I make rather free,
But faith you ſhan't refuſe me;
So draw your purſe-ſtrings *now*, d'ye ſee,
Or elſe you muſt excuſe me.

AIR.

AIR. REGNALTO.

GRIEF, thy tyrant reign is o'er
Now I tread my native ſhore;
Mirth fair Freedom's ſiſter gueſt,
Shall impart her choiceſt zeſt
To each flaſk of gen'rous wine,
Gaily offer'd at her ſhrine:
See the ſparkling glaſs goes round,
Care avaunt! 'Tis hallow'd ground.

AIR. OCTAVIO.

I.

WHEN prudence oppoſes the dictates of Love,
A parent may fairly our choice diſapprove:
'Tis kind then to ſave us
From what would enſlave us;
To tell us the tale of experience with truth,
And check with advice the wild ſallies of youth.

II.

But when prudence ſmiles on the ſoft nuptial band,
And affection with reaſon is join'd hand in hand,
With Hymen's torch lighted,
Our mutual faith plighted,
Alas! how ſevere is Fate's partial decree,
That cruelly tears me my charmer from thee.

AIR.

AIR. LAURA.

I.

IN vain, when with the fatal dart,
(Unerring in his aim,)
The little archer wounds the heart,
Does reaſon urge her claim?
The pow'rful ſun of Beauty's eyes,
Beams forth too bright a ray;
She thaws cold duty with her ſighs,
And reaſon melts away.

II.

" Though bound in chains, we feel them not,
" But fondly promiſe ſtill
" Eternal truth. Alas! 'tis what
" Depends not on our will.
" The wily God our vows derides,
" And mocks each ardent pray'r;
" For as caprice the tyrant guides,
" They vaniſh into air."

AIR. ROSA.

I.

WHEN firſt I began, Sir, to ogle the ladies,
And ſoft nothings to ſay as a pretty fellow's trade is;
Whilſt with rapturous praiſes I dwelt on each feature,
If I ſtole a ſly kiſs—'twas fye, you wicked creature;
But ſoon in tones lower and ſofter and ſweeter,
Half pleas'd they wou'd whiſper—fye, you wicked creature.

II.

II.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
Each evening new conqueſts to conqueſts ſucceeded
Perplex'd how ſo many fond claims I ſhould parry,
To ſettle them all I reſolv'd, faith, to marry;
And preſs'd lovely Laura, in language ſtill ſweeter,
Till bluſhing, ſhe whiſper'd—I'm your's, you wicked creature.

QUARTETT.

LAURA, ROSA, OCTAVIO, AND MONTANO.

LAURA. Good Signor, you'll excuſe me. [*to Octavio.*
Pray don't, my dear, refuſe me. [*to Roſa.*
Lucilio, let us go.

ROSA. Laura you muſt excuſe me:
Satisfaction you ſhan't refuſe me
Before I go. [*to Montano.*

OCTAVIO. Good Signor, you'll excuſe me;
Pray don't my friend refuſe me. [*to Roſa.*
Hold Sir, you muſt excuſe me. [*to Montano*
Pray good Lucilio go.

LAURA. Be by your reaſon aided:
Why won't you be perſuaded? [*to Roſa.*
Hear me.

Come your paſſion ſmother;
For this you'll thank me ſome day or other.
Lucilio let us go.
Signor Octavio, with thanks to you, Sir,
Adieu, adieu, Sir.
Lucilio let us go.

ROSA. No, I'll not be perſuaded.
Hear me.
Eh! well then my paſſion I'll try to ſmother.
Adieu, Signor, I go. [*to Octavio.*
But I ſhall find, Sir, ſome time or other,
For a private word, or ſo. [*To Montano.*

OCTAVIO. Why won't you be perſuaded?
Hear me!
Hold! [*To Montano.*] Before a Lady
Your anger ſmother. [*To Roſa.*
Pray, good Lucilio, go;
You know you'll ſoon find ſome time or other,
For a private word, or ſo.

MONT. No, Sir, I ſhan't excuſe you:
Juſtice I won't refuſe you
Before you go. [*To Roſa.*
No, I'll not be perſuaded.
Hear me!
My paſſion I cannot ſmother!
Nay, Sir, you ſhall not go. [*To Roſa.*
Well, I ſhall find, Sir, ſome time or other,
For a private word, or ſo.

ACT II.

RONDEAU. VIOLA.

WOMAN's fate is ſtill diſtreſſing,
Be her lot whate'er it will;
Man perverts her ev'ry bleſſing
To a cauſe of future ill.

If with charms her form enduing,
Nature kindeſt care employs,
Man, the gaudy prize purſuing,
Conquers firſt, and then deſtroys.

Riches ſerve but to entoil her,
Like the bee with honey ſtor'd;
Her wealth allures the cruel ſpoiler,
And dooms her----victim of her hoard.

AIR. ALDOBRAND.

THE ills of life in vain aſſail,
I never yet would yield me;
Nor ſhall their malice e'er prevail,
Whilſt frolic Mirth can ſhield me.

Like Curs they ſnarl, but dare not bite,
I heed them not at all, Sir;
But laugh at all their harmleſs ſpite,
And ſtill ſing tol de rol lol, Sir.

II.

I ever ſcorn'd with face of woe,
Proud Dames to dangle after;
With ſmiles I bent young Cupid's bow,
And tipt his ſhafts with laughter.
Succeſs ſtill mark'd each merry dart,
Black, fair, brown, ſhort, or tall, Sir;
I conquer'd ev'ry female heart
With tol de rol lol, de rol lol, Sir.

III.

" Let firſt-rate Singers ſtretch their throats,
" In fine *falſetto* ſqueaking,
" With new and ſtrange unnatural notes,
" Applauſe from faſhion ſeeking:
" The blockhead Connoiſſeurs among
" E'en let them trill and ſquall, Sir,
" Give me, my boy! a jolly ſong,
" That ends with tol de rol lol, Sir.

IV.

IV.

In ſpite of Dons, ſo grave and wiſe,
'Till o'er old Styx I ferry,
I always ſhall moſt highly prize
Whatever's blithe and merry.
May love and laughter ever be
Attendant on my call, Sir;
Here's what I've always lov'd, d'ye ſee,
A glaſs to tol de rol lol, Sir.

A I R. FIRELOCK.

HOW loſt the mind which cold and dark
From gratitude's celeſtial fire,
In vain receives the hallow'd ſpark
Which falls, alas! but to expire.

There pale diſtruſt and treachery dwell,
There vice aſſerts her conq'ring claim;
Each virtue ſhuns the darkſome cell,
Unbleſs'd by gratitude's bright flame.

AIR.

AIR. ALICE.

I.

YOUNG Roger, the ploughman, who wanted a mate,
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
With noſegay ſo large, in his holiday cloaths,
(His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.
Now he was as baſhful as baſhful could be,
And Kitty, poor girl, was as baſhful as he:
So he bow'd, and he ſtar'd, and he let his hat fall;
Then he grinn'd, ſcratch'd his head, and ſaid nothing at all.

II.

If aukward the ſwain, no leſs aukward the maid,
She ſimper'd and bluſh'd, with her apron ſtring play'd,
'Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate ſhould be one.
In ſilence the young ones both nodded aſſent,
Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,
Where they anſwer'd the Parſon with voices ſo ſmall,
You'd have ſworn that they both had ſaid nothing at all.

III.

III.

But mark what a change—in the courſe of a week
Kate quite left off bluſhing—Hodge boldly could ſpeak;
Cou'd joke with his deary; laugh loud at the jeſt;
She could coax too and fondle as well as the beſt,
And aſham'd of paſt folly they've often declar'd,
To encourage young folks who at courtſhip are ſcar'd,
If at firſt to your aid ſome aſſurance you'll call,
When once your us'd to't, 'tis nothing at all.

A I R. Octavio.

BY that eloquent language which ſpeaks in the eyes;
By the ardour which breathes in the lover's ſad ſighs,
As in abſence the nameleſs ſoft wiſhes ariſe,
I prithee now hear me my deareſt.
By thoſe fond anxious doubts which all lovers muſt feel,
Which altho' ſome few moments of bliſs they may ſteal,
Yet fan love's pure flame, and ſtill wound but to heal,
I prithee now hear me my deareſt.

II.

By our hopes when the moment of meeting is nigh,
When affection no longer can pardon deny,
Hopes which live in a look, in a word, in a ſigh,
I prithee now hear me my deareſt.
By my paſſion, for which words, alas! are too weak,
By that love-dawning bluſh which now glows on your cheek,
And ſo kindly avows what your tongue will not ſpeak,
I prithee, now hear me, my deareſt!

TRIO. VIOLA, OCTAVIO, AND ALICE.

I.

ABSENCE, all ills denouncing,
A fond adieu pronouncing,
We part---all joy renouncing
Until we meet again.

II.

Yet whilſt theſe ills enduring,
See Hope, with ſmiles alluring,
(Bleſt ſmiles! all ſorrow curing)
Still points to Hymen's chain.

CATCH.

CATCH.

HOW great is the pleaſure, how ſweet the delight,
When Love's ſilken bonds willing captives unite!
Well pleas'd in their bondage his vot'ries remain,
And proud of ſubjection, exult in his chain.
Oh Love! how bliſsful thy meed!
All thy vot'ries prayer is ne'er to be freed.
How great is the pleaſure, how ſweet the delight,
When Love's ſilken bonds willing captives unite!

ACT III.

AIR. LAURA

I.

THOU art gone away from me, my Love!
Long ſhall I rue that luckleſs day
When thou wert torn from me, my Love.
Did but thy heart remain the ſame
As when it left this ſhore, my Love:
Alas! it owns another flame;
Of me thou think'ſt no more, my Love!

II.

With jealous pangs my boſom torn!
I wiſh that Fair of thine, my Love,
That fatal Fair! may treat with ſcorn
Thoſe vows which once were mine, my Love.
But, ah! how ſharp Love's venom'd ſteel!
Inconſtant tho' thou be, my Love,
Ah! may'ſt thou never, never feel
What Laura feels for thee, my Love!

AIR.

AIR. FIRELO

I.

WHEN up to London firſt I came,
An aukward Country Booby,
I gap'd, and ſtar'd, and did the ſame
As ev'ry other Looby.
With countenance demurely ſet,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,
With---"Zir, your humble ſervant!"

II.

Alas! too ſoon I got a wife;
And proud of ſuch a bleſſing,
The joy and buſineſs of my life
Was kiſſing and careſſing.
'Twas, "Charmer! Sweeting! Duck, and Dove!"
And I o'er head and ears in love,
Was Cupid's humble ſervant.

III.

"But when the honey-moon was paſt,
"Adieu to tender ſpeeches!
"Ma'am lov'd Quadrille, and loſt too faſt,
"I ſwore I'd wear the breeches.
"I ſtorm in vain---reſtraint ſhe hates:
"Adieu!" ſhe cries,---"the party waits;---
"My dear! your humble ſervant!"

IV.

IV.

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,
With friend and bottle ſmiling,
I'd envy not a higher lot,
The tedious hours beguiling;
If Care peeps in, I'm buſy then,
I nod---deſire he'll call again,
And am his humble ſervant.

V.

Since life's a jeſt, as wiſe ones ſay,
'Tis beſt employ'd in laughing;
And come what frowning cares there may,
My antidote is quaffing;
I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,
For this is my philoſophy;
And ſo---your humble ſervant.

AIR. MONTANO.

ACCURS'D the wretch whoſe coward ſoul,
Aw'd by Oppreſſion's guilty hand,
Dares not the lawleſs power controul,
Which drives fair Freedom from the land;
Who deaf to Honour's call ſublime,
Tamely to tyranny ſubmits,
Becomes th' accomplice in the crime,
And ſhares the treaſon he permits.

AIR.

AIR. VIOLA.

Thus we view the treach'rous morning
With falſe ſmiles the hills adorning,
Tho' of ſtorms they give no warning,
Yet no ſooner ſeen than gone.
Still whilſt clouds on clouds impelling,
The ſtorm drives on with ruin ſwelling,
Fancy every cloud diſpelling,
Paints to-morrow's happy dawn.

AIR. ROSA.

I.

GOOD Sir, in vain you bend your brow,
And look ſo queer, I know not how,
And ſet your arms a-kimbo:
My laughter you provoke,
Oh! ho! ho! ho!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
So pleaſant is the joke.

II.

If, Sir, I choſe to try my ſkill
Of fencing, ſoon you'd have your fill;
But mighty Signior Whiſkers,

With

With you I won't engage,
Oh! ho! ho! ho!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
A fig for all your rage.

III.

Nay, prithee friend, don't draw your ſword;
I ſhan't draw mine upon my word;
Nor could I fight for laughing,
Were I to look at you:
Oh! ho! ho! ho!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
And ſo ſweet Sir, adieu.

AIR. LAURA.

HOPE, on thee I call,
Whilſt thro' thy paths I ſtray;
Where'er my footſteps fall,
Oh! light me on my way.

Tho' loſt in Error's maze,
Still kindly ſoothe my woe;
Nor let Truth's brighter blaze
Shew what I fear to know.

AIR.

AIR. LAURENCE.

I.

THO' I can't walk quite ſtraight,
And in figures of eight
Still circling, my legs do their duty,
You'll always obſerve,
That a regular curve
Is reckon'd the true line of beauty.
Of Orpheus they tell,
(He who fiddled ſo well)
That his notes made hills, rocks, and trees caper;
So I can in my way,
When a Solo I play,
Make 'em dance full as well as that Scraper.

II.

Tho' at firſt on a ſurvey,
Things ſeem topſey-turvey,
When you're us'd to't, they don't look ſo frightful;
Still they move, more or leſs;
And good judges confeſs,
Moving proſpects are always delightful.
The world's circular motion,
I'm ſure's no falſe notion;
For tho' ſober I ne'er could believe it,
Truth in wine, boys, is found,
Now I ſee it turns round;---
He that's drunk can moſt plainly perceive it,

FINALE.

FINALE.

REGNALTO.

AWAY with all cares 'till to-morrow;
No longer we're deſtin'd to roam;
To-day bid adieu to all ſorrow,
And welcome The Strangers at Home.

CHORUS.

Away with all cares, &c.

DUETT. LAURA, *and* MONTANO.

OF Fortune no more we'll complain,
Since ſo kind ſhe proves at laſt;
Our joys contraſted with our pain,
Shall brighter ſhine for ſorrows paſt.

LAURENCE.

On the ſubject now before us,
I would fain my zeal diſplay:

ALDOBRAND.

And I too would join the Chorus,
If I knew but what to ſay.

VIOLA.

My freedom I gladly reſign, [*to Octavio.*
Nor ſhall I for liberty ever repine.

OCTAVIO.

And I from my purpoſe will never depart,
To bind faſter thoſe bonds in which Love holds
your heart.

FIRELOCK.

THO' I've no objection to fighting,
I' faith it is better by half,
With ſuch happy lovers uniting,
To join in the ſong and the laugh.

ALICE.

BELIEVE me, I joy to behold you
All going to be married ſo ſoon;
You know, Ma'am, I often have told you,
A good huſband is Fortune's beſt boon.

ROSA.

WHEN I marry, altho' I won't barter
My own little perſon for pelf,
In wedlock I'll keep up the charter,
And ſtill wear the breeches myſelf.

CHORUS.

AWAY with all care till to-morrow,
No longer we're destin'd to roam;
O! chace from our bosoms all sorrow,
[*To the Audience.*
And welcome the STRANGERS AT HOME.

FINIS.